THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

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BY

MRS. ANNE ROYALL.

At the corner of North B and Thirdsts.

Capitol Hill.

SELECTED TALES.

From the Phila. Saturday Courier.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(*Concluded.*)

In a moment the happy little creature was on his knee. But the other children showed no inclination to approach. His conduct had estranged their young heart's purest and most innocent affections. This was perceived and felt keenly. But he had hopes of reclaiming all that had been lost, and this compensated in some degree, for the present distance and estrangement.

The last meal in silence and restraint, Mrs. Jarvis felt troubled and oppressed—for the prospect before her seemed to grow more and more gloomy. All the morning she had suffered from a steady pain in her breast, and from a lassitude she could not overcome.

Her pale, thin, care-worn face, told a sad tale of suffering, privation, confinement and want of exercise. What was to become of her children she knew not. Under such feelings of hopelessness, to have one sitting by her side, who could take much of her burdens from her, were he to will it—who could call back the light of her heart, if only true to his promise, made in earlier and happier years—soured in some degree her feelings, and obscured her perceptions: She did not note that some change had passed upon him—a change that if marked, would have caused her heart to leap from her bosom.

As soon as Jarvis had risen from the table, he took his hat, and kissing his youngest child, the only one there was who seemed to regard him, passed quickly from the house. As the door closed after him, his wife heaved a long sigh, and then rising, mechanically, proceeded to clear up the table. Of how many crushed affections, and disappointed hopes, did that one tremulous sigh speak.

Jarvis returned to his work, and applied himself steadily during the whole afternoon Whenever a desire for liquor returned to him, he quenched it in a copious draught of water, and thus kept himself as free from temptation as possible. At length he returned, when the same troubled and uneasy silence pervaded the little family at the supper table. The meal was scanty, for Mrs. Jarvis' incessant labor could procure but a poor supply of food. After the children had been put to bed, Mrs. Jarvis sat down, as usual, to spend the evening, tired as she was, and much as her breast pained her, in sewing. A deep sigh heaved involuntarily her bosom as she did so. It caught the ear of the husband, and smote upon his heart. He knew that her health was feeble, and that constant labor fatigued her excessively.

'I wouldn't sew to-night: Jane,' he said. 'You look tired: Rest for one evening.

Mrs. Jarvis neither looked up nor replied.—There was something in the tone of her husband's voice that stirred her feelings. Something that softened her towards him.—But she dared not trust herself to speak, nor to let her eye meet his. She did not wish to utter a harsh or repulsive word, nor was she willing to speak kindly to him, for she did not feel kindly,—and kind words and affected cheerfulness, she had already found, but encouraged him in his evil ways. And so she continued to ply her needle, without appearing to regard his presence. Her husband did not make another effort to suspend her labors, for, under existing circumstances, he was particularly desirous of not provoking her to use towards him the language of rebuke and censure. After sitting silent for, perhaps half an hour, he rose from his chair, and walked three or four times backwards and forwards across the room, preparitory to going out to seek a coffee house, and there spend the evening, as his wife supposed. While still under the expectation of seeing him return, his loud breathing caught her quick ear. He was asleep.'

Catching up the light, as she arose suddenly to her feet, she passed, with a hasty step, into the chamber. He had undressed himself, was in bed, and sound asleep. She held the candle close to his face—it was calmer than usual, and somewhat pale. As she bent over him, his breath came full in her face. It was not loaded with the disgusting fume, that had so often sickened her.—Her heart beat quicker—the moisture dimmed her eye—her whole frame trembled. Then looking upwards, she uttered a single prayer for her husband, and, gliding quietly from the room, sat down by her little table, and again bent over he work. Now she remembered that he had said, with something unusual in his tones—'I would not sew to-night Jane—you look tired—rest for one evening'—and her heart was agitated with a new hope—but that hope, like the dove from the ark, found nothing upon which to rest, and trembled back again into a feeling of despondency.—What had she to hope for! Surely not that her husband would reform? She had seen too many efforts at reformation, commenced under better auspices than could possibly now surround him, and all had failed. At each successive failure, his state became worse than before. It was past twelve o'clock when she laid by her work, from exhaustion and pain, and sought a few hours of troubled repose.

On the next morning, the trembling hand of Jarvis, as he lifted the saucer to his lips at the breakfast table, made his wife's heart sink again in her bosom. She had felt a hope, almost unconsciously, She remembered that at supper time his hand was steady—now it was unnerved. This was conclusive to her mind, that, notwithstanding his appearance, he had been drinking. But few words passed during the meal, for neither felt inclined to converse.

After breakfast, Jarvis returned to the shop, and worked steadily until dinner time. and then again until evening. As on the night before, he did not go out, but retired early to bed. And this was continued all the week. But the whole was a mystery to his poor wife, who dared not even to hope for any real change for the better. On Saturday. towards night, he laid by his work, put on his coat and hat, and went into the front shop.

'So you have really worked a week, a sober man. John?' Mr. Lankford said.

'Indeed I have. Since last Sunday morning, no kind of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips.

'And I hope never will again, John?'

'It never shall! If I die, I will not depart from this resolution.'

'May you have strength to keep it,' the old man said, earnestly. Then after a pause—

'How much have you earned this week, John?'

'Here is the foreman's account of my work, sir. It comes to twelve dollars.'

'Still a fast workman. You will yet recover yourself, and your family will yet be happy, if you persevere.'

'O, sir they shall be happy! I will persevere.!

'Surely you have, for so doing, the strongest considerations'

Another pause ensued, and then Jarvis said, while the color mounted to his cheek.

'If you are willing, Mr. Lankford, I should like you to deduct only one-half of what I owe you for those furs I took from you, from this week's wages. My family are in want of a good many things, and I am particularly desirous of buying a barrel of flour to-night.'

'Say nothing of that John. Let it be forgotten with your past misdeeds. Here are your wages—twelve dollars—and if it gives you as much pleasure to receive as it does me to pay them, then you feel no ordinary degree of satisfaction.'

Mr. Jarvis received the large sum for him to possess, and hurried away to a grocery. Here he bought for six dollars—a barrel of flour, and expended two dollars more of his wages in sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, &c. Near to the store was the market-house. Thence he repaired, and bought meat and various vegetables, with butter, &c. These he carried to the store, and gave direction, to have all sent home to him. He had now two dollars left out of the twelve he had earned since Monday morning, and with these in his pocket he returned home. As he drew near the house, his heart fluttered in anticipation of the delightful change that would pass upon all beneath its humble roof. He had never, in his life, experienced feelings of such real joy.

A few moments brought him to the door, and he went in with the quick step that had marked his entrance for several days. It was not quite dark, and his wife sat sewing by the window. She was finishing a pair of pantaloons that had to go home that very evening, and with the money she was to get for them she expected to buy the Sunday dinner. There was barely enough food in the house for supper—and unless she received her pay for this piece of work, she had no means of getting the required sustenance for herself and children—or rather, for her husband, herself, and children. The individual for home it was intended was not a prompt pay master, and usually grumbled whenever Mrs. Jarvis asked him for money.—To add to the circumstances of concern and trouble of mind, she felt almost ready to give up, from the excessive pain in her breast, and the weakness of her whole frame. As her husband came in, she turned upon him an anxious and troubled countenance, and then bent down over her work, and plied her needle hurriedly. As the twilight fell dimly around, she drew nearer to the window, and at last stood up, and leaned close up to the panes of glass, so that her hand almost touched, in order to catch the few feeble rays of light that were still visible. But she could not finish the garment upon which she wrought, by the light of day. A candle was now lit, and she took her place by the table not so much as glancing towards her husband, who had seated himself in a chair, with his youngest child on his knee. Half an hour passed in silence, and then Mrs. Jarvis rose up, having taken the last stitch in the garment she was making, and passed into the adjoining chamber. In a few minutes she came out, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the pair of pantaloons that she had just finished on her arm.

'Where are you going, Jane!' her husband asked, in a tone of surprise, that seemed, to her ear, mingled with disappointment.

'I am going to carry home my work.

'But I wouldn't go now Jane. Wait until after supper.

'No, John. I cannot wait until after supper. The work will be wanted. It should have been home two hours ago.'

And she glided from the room before he could make up his mind to detain her by telling her the good news, that was trembling on his tongue for utterance.

A walk of a few minutes brought her to the door of a tailor's shop, around the front of which hung sundry garments exposed for sale. This shop she entered, and presented the pair of pantaloons to a man who stood behind the counter. His face relaxed not a muscle as he took them, and made a careful examination of the work.

'They'll do,' he at length said, tossing them aside, and resuming his employment of cutting out a garment.

Poor Mrs. Jarvis paused, dreading to utter her request. But necessity conquered the painful reluctance, and she said,

'Can you pay me for this pair to night, Mr. Willets?'

'No. I've got more money to pay on Monday than I know where to get, and cannot let a cent go out.

'But, Mr: Willets, I——

'I don't want wan't to hear any of your reasons, Mrs. Jarvis. You can't have the money to-night—and, any how, I don't see fit to pay out money in little dribs. The fact is,' and he looked angrily at the poor woman, 'if you don't stop this pestering me for money every whip stitch, I won't give you another job. I'm tired of it.

Mrs. Jarvis turned slowly away, and had nearly reached the door, when the thought of her children caused her to pause To have them want for food was a thought she could not bear. Thus far, she had been able to keep them from its pangs, had she worked all day with unusual industry, although suffering much from pain and debility.

'I cannot go; Mr. Willets, without the money,' she said, suddenly turning, and speaking in an excited tone.

'You will go, I'm thinking madam, was the reply, while the tailor glanced angrily at her, and compressed his lip firmly.

'O sir,' changing her tone, 'pay me what you owe me—I want it very much.'

'*O yes.* So you all say. But I am used to such make-believes. You get no money out of me to-night. That's a settled point. I'm angry now—so you had better go home at once—if you don't, I'll never give you a stitch of work, so help me ——'

'What shall I do?' was the almost despairing question that she asked of herself, as she hurried towards home. On entering the house, she made no remark, for there was no one to whom she could tell her troubles and disappointment, with even the most feeble hope of a word of comfort. Mechanically, she proceeded to set the table, and serve up the last portion of food that remained. A loaf of bread, and a few slices of cold meat, made up her little store. As they were all about drawing up to the table, there was a loud knock at the door, which Mrs. Jarvis immediately answered.

'Does Mr. Jarvis live here?' asked a rough voice.

'Yes, sir,' was the reply:

'Well here is a barrel of flour, and some some groceries for him. Shall I bring them in here, ma'am?'

'There must be some mistake, sir. They do not belong here. We have bought no barrel of flour or groceries.'

'Is not this Mr. Jarvis'?

'Yes.'

'And number 40?'

'Yes.'

'Then this is the place, for that was the direction given me.

'Yes, this is the place—bring them in, spoke up Jarvis, in an animated tone.

The drayman of course obeyed. First he rolled in the barrel of flour——then came a number of packages, evidently containing groceries—and finally, one or two pieces of meat, and sundry lots of vegetables.

'How much is to pay,' asked Jarvis.

'Twenty-five cents, sir, responded the drayman, bowing.

The twenty-five cent piece was taken from his pocket with an air, and handed over. Then the drayman went out, and the little family were alone again. During the passage of the scene just described, the wife stood looking on with a stupid and bewildered air. When the drayman had departed, she turned to her husband and said—

'John, where did these things come from?'

'I bought them Jane.

'You bought them?

'And pray, John, what did you buy them with?

'With that quarter I went and joined the Washington Total Abstinece Society, and then went to work at Mr. Lankford's. Here is the result of one week's work, besides this silver,' handing he all that remained, after making the purchases.

'O, John, the wife exclaimed, bursting into tears, do not again mock my hopes. I cannot bear much more.

In the strength of Him, Jane, who has promised to help us when we call upon him, 'I will not disappoint the hopes I now revive,' Jarvis said, slowly and solemnly.

The almost heart-broken wife and mother leaned her hand upon the shoulder of her husband, and clung to his side with a newly-revived confidence that she felt would not be disappointed while the tears poured from her eyes like rain. But her true feeling we cannot attempt to describe—nor dare we venture to sketch further the scene we have introduced. The reader's imagination can do it more justice, and to him we leave that pleasing task, with only the remark, that Mrs. Jarvis's newly-awakened joys and hopes were not again disappointed.

WASHINGTON CITY

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1842.

PROGRESS OF CRIME.

At any time for the last two years, one would have thought crime in this country had attained a height, beyond which it could not reach, for want of victims. One would have thought that every bank, counting house, business office, and private dwelling, no longer contained a dollar to tempt the robber, or that an assassin existed in the United States, who had not been glutted to satiety with human blood! Not so! Crime is still on the increase, and like Nero, they have invented new modes of torturing their victims. Husbands binding their wives hand and foot, and setting them on fire till consumed—wives murdering their husbands—parents murdering their sons and daughters—fathers committing the most violent assaults upon their little daughters—mothers murdering their own infants, while, horrible to tell, the mysterious disappearance of young women, under suspicion of double crime, is becoming common as household gold!

Again, people are shot down in their houses at all hours of the day—murders in the field, in the highways, all following in quick succession, at double the ratio of any former year.

Then comes burglary, house-burning, theft, robbery, forgery, bribery, &c.—all upon the increase, until the people have grown familiarized to crime.

Next in the catalogue of crime and licentiousness, are MOBS, which have grown into every day amusements!

You cannot open a newspaper, but the first thing that arrests your eye is "horrid murder," "most daring robbery," "extensive forgery," &c. &c. It chills one's blood to read of them.

But the late account of the shocking murders by negroes in the parish of Concordia, La. and the outrages and brutality committed on two respectable females; Mrs. TODD and Miss HARRINGTON; compared to which murder were mercy—and the cruelty inflicted upon one (the only one that was caught) of the assassins, who was buried alive—viewing this case on all sides, including similar atrocities in the NORTH, EAST, WEST and middle States—exhibiting cruelties from which no town nor village is exempt, that would even make Nero shudder.

No man—no family, not even the lone widow, in any spot of this wide domain, upon retiring to bed at night, can promise themselves the light of another sun! The sacred repositories of the DEAD, respected by Goths and Vandals, and by every heathen nation on earth, are rifled, and the very altars of our churches are robbed.

Our courts of justice—our Legislative assemblies—our army and navy—all partake of the common degeneracy! Morality—and christianity, it would seem, are banished the land excepting in name and show, while the philanthropist looks on appalled!!!

With all the institutions for the improvement of morals—with all the societies for spreading the gospel [christianity] amongst the heathen, supported by a revenue of $8,000,000 per ann, yet vice and crime outstrips that of any country on earth, in proportion to its age and populations whence does this happen? It was not always so, there is deep deception somewhere. We defy any one to point out the heathen nation where vice and crime abound as they do in this country. Why then do those missionaries go out to convert heathen, when they have so much crime at home? Is it because they prefer crime to virtue! or because they will not, or cannot convert them! It must be one or perhaps all three?

We should think it quite time for the people to awake to the effects of this money religion, and take some steps to check the progress of crime—for if matters go on as they have done, and continually increasing, the government must explode, and if we are not greatly mistaken in the signs of the times, it is not far off! We mean a revolution, civil war, or what you will. Parties will, in that event [which heaven forbid,] have an opportunity to test their profession, and prove who are, and who are not, the friends of order, peace and integrity.

Had the present generation been enlightened as Gen. Washington enjoined in his Farewell Address, there is no doubt but we should have been a happy, moral people at this day, instead of what we are.

PHILADELPHIA HIGH SCHOOL.

We have been led into the foregoing remarks, from seeing a statement in the Saturday Courier, of an attempt to cut off the youth [and children] from the benefit of education in that city, by suppressing the "Philadelphia Central High School!!!!" This is a poor business. Can any one be surprised at mobs and conspiracies in our country, or the retrograde of society, when such studied efforts are eternally making to suppress the diffusion of knowledge. The conduct of this city, in cheating poor orphans out of the Girard funds, has already stamped it with eternal infamy and disgrace! The impious perpetrators of this black deed, with their abettors, have much sin to answer for, and may look out for the vengeance of Heaven, which sooner or later, will overtake them! The monsters! Rob the dead and the living!

Not satisfied with this outrage upon the laws of humanity, they are now attacking the High School, which is boldly defended by the Courier, and the press generally, it would seem—likewise by the Board of Control.

Who is at the bottom of this callous and matchless meanness, we cannot discover from the Courier, who takes a manly stand against the agent for the destruction of the school, who signs himself Q. He is no doubt one of those Church and State gentlemen, who are opposed to enlightening the youth of our land, farther than tracts and narrow minded sectarianism. That is to say, "Collect money," "hate your neighbor." These men are answerable for all the vice, crime and corruption, which now overspreads the land with Egyptian darkness, crushing knowledge by creeping stealthily into our schools and colleges. Gentlemen, look at the country. See what you have done.

They were opposed to the Girard school, and were doubtless the cause of the violation of his will, and the waste of the funds by a set of remorseless knaves! These are the robbers that have injured our country. "He that steals my purse steals trash." But he who robs the friendless orphan and the minor, of the means of education—the means of unfolding his faculties, and exercising his reasoning powers, by which alone he can ever be useful to himself or his country, is a MONSTER—a TRAITOR, compared to whom, the common robber is an angel! Because it is laying the axe to the root of our liberty! How is a man to defend rights which he does not understand? This course is fraught with danger to all, by resolving society into master and slave. This is the object of those wily hypocrites, the Church and State party, and they have nearly accomplished it, viz—to suppress learning, that they may subdue the country. There is another, and we believe totally distinct party, who will dispute the sovereignty of the country with them. These are the loco foco, or Benton party. There is no patriotism in either, as the people will find.

BALTIMORE SUN AND RHODE ISLAND.

The Sun, true to its trust, keeps the Rhode Island insurrection "before the people." The editors seem to have a *peculiar* interest in the subject, of course, and wishes to keep up the martial spirit of the fighting part of it.

He has a great friend in the cause—the editor of the *Providence Chronicle*, who loads his pen with rum and gunpowder, we presume. The Sun says the Chronicle informs him there is "some secret movement going on in our neighborhood." "The still gathering of the people." If it be a secret, how can he know it?

But what does he mean by the "still gathering of the people?" He speaks as though he and these still gatherings—were subjects of a Nero or a Commodus, and that *they* were a mighty empire engaged in a secret conspiracy to overthrow a Cæsar—or Pompey, or even down to the Queen of England—and not the assembling of the freemen of this country, who have the privilege of meeting when they please, and to talk, and laugh, and stump speech it—a dozen times a man, in open day or any time they please. Why then should those meetings the Sun and Chronicle speaks of be a secret, or have any mystery or concealment about them?

Now to sum up the whole in few words, the subject matter of those meetings from the first in our opinion, is another affair altogether from what it is professed to be—that if it mean anything at all but the fancies of a disordered brain, or a scheme to extort MONEY or *places*—which is not improbable—or a secret combination between some of our citizens—some in Canada—[the same called patriots] and some of her majesty's subjects, perhaps, in England and Ireland, [recollect this is merely surmised] and that those foreigners are to help the people of this country to either change or *blow* up our government, and then we are all to go over and put Mrs. *Vic* to rights, if she is not disposed of before. This is our idea of the matter.

But the big gun of the party, the Chronicle-man, hear him. "We are getting into fine martial array here." "Nothing is talked of but the POMP and circumstance of glorious war." [What glorious fools] "the coming Fourth, will probably surpass anything that has proceeded it;* * a grand parade of troops," and the Sun publishes this stuff for the entertainment of its readers. Truly they must be people of taste.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE 27TH CONGRESS.

Hon. *Thomas M. T. McKennan.* Gen. McK. is a new member of the House from Pennsylvania, elected to fill the seat become vacant by the death of Hon. Jos. Lawrence, who will long be mourned by his friends.

Gen. McK. is a middle aged man, of towring height, with a noble, commanding figure—upright and graceful in his step and attitude. His face is oval, fair and full, with regular, manly features, and a deep, capacious forehead, retreating from the eye back in the fidest outline that the imagination can paint. His brow is light and free, and his eye is large, bright and *penetrating*, between blue and grey, with long eye lashes, seldom raised. His countenance—rather grave, is erudite, and shows intellect and depth of mind. His manners are gentlemanly and full of dignity, which some might call hauteur, and his conversation and the strong expression in his countenance; proves him to be a man of no ordinary acquirements. Gen. McK. served several years in Congress heretofore, and is highly respected by his friends and acquaintances.

Come Down.—The price of board at Saratoga Springs is now $1 per day.

LADIES.

Mrs. *Woodbridge.* Mrs. W: is the lady of Hon. Wm. Woodbridge, United States Senator from Michigan. She is rather over middle age, with a tall, slender figure, and an easy, graceful, lady-like carriage.

Her face is oval, rather thin, and remarkably fair and transparent, with a symmetry in the features, and a joyous brightness in her fine, benevolent, dark eye. Her countenance is open as day, radiant as the sun, with a mingled sweetness and benignity not easily described. Mrs. W. is a sample of the old school—a rare thing to meet in our day.

We are conscious, however, of the inaccuracy of the present sketch of Mrs. W. having merely passed her and the Senator one day in the street, though we yet entertain the hope of a more happy and pleasant interview:

Mrs. *Arnold.* Mrs. A. is the lady of Hon. Thomas D. Arnold, the facetious member of the House from Tennessee. She is quite a young and very pleasant woman, only six years married, with lots of young members, and wives of members, that are to be. Mrs. A. is a tall, slender figure, combining every beauty of shape and motion. *Her* face is oval, thin, and fair, rather wan, with pleasing features,* and a mild blue eye, with large black eye lashes, which are very pretty. Her countenance is benevolent, chaste and modest, and her manners *western*, are artless and dignified.

Miss *Gilmer.* Miss G. is the daughter of Hon. T. W. Gilmer, late Governor of Virginia, and now a member of the lower house in Congress.

The Governor, a young man himself, it will hardly be credited that he has a daughter nearly grown. Miss G. is just bursting into womanhood, 15 or 16, perhaps, and though a tall, and very interesting, sweet innocent girl, her womanly charms, when she attains full age, will be very captivating. She is of good height, with a handsome undulating figure, a smooth, round face, fair as the lilly, and regular features, of much symmetry and beauty, an eye of dark hazel [called black] with all the keen, sparkling dignity and animation found in her father's, to whom she bears a strong resemblance. But her chief attraction is her innate modesty, and the plain simplicity of her costume.

☞ We are happy to inform our readers that we have *at last* received the conclusion of the interesting tale entitled "*Looting and Winning.*" and will continue it in our next paper.

Hard to hold.—Simon can you hold a horse?

Hold a horse!—to be sure three or four of them.

How long?

Why, ten hours if you want me to.

Now I was only about to say that you have got something you cant hold ten minutes, and for all that it is as light as a feather.

Pooh—nonsense.

What will you bet.

Bet, why I'll bet a dollar.

Good! Now hold your breath ten minutes. Good g-r-a c-i-o u-s!

An Example to young Men.—Judge Wilson of Steubenville, is one of the most distinguished citizens of Ohio. The Philadelphia North American says he served an apprenticeship to the printing business in that city, going through all the stages from the boy up to the foreman—in the mean time, like Dr. Franklin, educating himself—afterwards editing, when quite, a young man, the leading, or rather one of the leading newspapers of that day—then emigrating to Ohio, following the same business—serving in her Assembly several sesions—elevated to a seat on her bench in the courts, and now among the most prominent candidates for the Executive Chair of that State, third in the union in population and wealth. Ponder upon this, young men, and do likewise.

* We saw her only with her bonnet on.

ANECDOTE OF WALTZING.—At a ball lately in Richmond, Va., a belle asked a country rustic, who stood nigh her, in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waltzing, 'pray, sir, how do you like thewaltz!' 'Madam,' said the quaint gentleman, 'I like the buggin part very well—but I don't like the whirlin' round. When it comes to buggin, I would like to stand still.'

'My dear, you are not the woman I took you to be.'

'But my dear you are the Man I took you for. Go and rock that child this minute, or I'll——.'

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—The following sublime burst of eloquence astonished the natives in Rackensack (Arkansas) some few weeks since. An overseer had killed a negro named Daniel, and the advocate for the defence wound up thus:

'Gentlemen of the Jury: I know that Daniel will no longer pick the white cotting boll from the cotting stalk—no more enliven the midnight crowd with the patting of the romantic jawbone, and the playing of the sentimental jewsharp—will never again cast his angling line into the broad, superfluous, majestic and outrageous bosom of the eternal Mississippi. Yes, I know he now reposes 'alone in his glory' on the north corner of a bleak hill side, with his eyes turned towards the cerulean heavings, and his big toe sticking out a feet! Yet, is that any reason why my client should be hung? I think not—I rather suppose not!

Taken at his Word.—'I say, stranger, it rains,' said a merchant the other day, to a square built down easter, who was quietly passing his store—'you had better stop in and buy an umbrella—I'll sell you one at half price.' Without a word of reply, the Yankee walked in, selected one of very superior silk, and inquired the price.' Without a word of reply, the yankee walked in,' selected one of very superior silk, and inquired the price. 'Five dollars, sir, we sell them at—have never sold them for less, was the polite response of the merchant, who, in his eagerness for trade, had already forgotten his conditions of sale. Jonathan, coolly laying down two dollars and a-half, took the umbrella and walked off, leaving the merchant to calculate his profits upon the sale of his goods at half price.

A terrible time.—wal, there's a row over to our house.'

'What on airth's the matter, you little sarpint!'

'Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow has got a calf. Sal's got married and run away with all the spoons. Pete has swaller'd a pin, and Luke's looked at the Aurora Borex till he is got the delerium triangles. That ain't all nuther.'

What else upon airth!'

'Rose spilt the batter pot and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens got her head into the molasses cup and couldn't get it out, and O, how hungry I am!'

'How dare you publish such a barefaced lie, without a particle of evidence to sustain it?' said a man recently to an editor of a newspaper.

'Lie! do you call it? why my foreman gave me the proof of it yesterday?'

☞'I shall have a pane in my side,' as the coach said' when they put a glass window in the door.

'Please exchange?' as the printer said when he offered his heart to a beautiful girl.

A lady in Baltimore a few days since, presented her husband with four children at a birth—three boys and a girl. If this lady makes her husband many more such presents, we would advise him to hunt another range somewhere in the great west.

'Nimrod, do you know the meaning of the word amphibious?' 'Yes, sir—it's a hoss marine sort of critter, what always sits on a rock, 'cause it wont stay in the water, and can't live on land.

A shallow aspirant to literary distinction, presented the learned and facetious Dr Porson a copy of one of his productions with the remark that it would be ready when Shakepeare was forgotten. 'Yes,' replied the doctor, 'and not till then.'

'Begone! thou troublest me,' as the waves said to the wind.

'I'm ready to go off by the train,' as the barrel of gunpowder said to Guy Fawkes,

POETRY.

THE *LOVERS* LAMENT.

I came, but she had gone,
And lone and sad the place,
And broken was the woodbine
Around the window case,
And music's voice was hushed.
Save the lone wind's deep sighs
That rustled 'neath the verdant leaves.
Then faintly liugering dies.

Pass on, pass on! ye winds,
Why linger round her bower,
And whisper of the past
To sadden memory's hour!
I love her—Oh, these words,
My burning bosom swell--
I came, but she had gone—
I could not say Farewell?

Gone, loved and gentle one,
Too fair wert thou for earth—
Like visionary things
That perish at their birth,
Thy magic touch to life
Would wake the trembling lyre,
Then charmed by its own sounds
Softly and sweet, expire,

Oh, bring me cypress boughs,
And the pale lily fair.
That I may twine a wreath
To deck this brow of care—
For early hopes have died.
Deep sighs my anguish tell,
I came, but she had gone—
I could not say, Farewell!

THE FOP.

Who with a hold, assuming mien,
Loves with the ladies to be seen,
Though from the country fresh and green!
The Fop.

Who when he speaks, will give you pain,
To see how little is in his brain—
And yet so graceful with his cane!
The Fop.

Who loves to go to ball or fair,
With curly locks and oily hair,
To meet the pretty damsels there?
The Fop.

Who is to his own weakness blind—
Thinks it betrays a noble mind,
To have his 'kerchief float behind?
The Fop.

Who goes to church on Sabbath day,
His dress and figure to display,
And nod to ladies gracefully?
The Fop.

Who when he's ne'er is always known,
By fumes of musk or strong cologne—
These borrowed scents to hide his own?
The Fop.

And who through all this life will be
The laughing stock for men to see—
An empty puff of vanity!
The Fop.

'Hollo, Bill,' said Tom Marshall, of Kentucky, to an old crony, 'what have you been drinking?'

The individual addressed, replied that he had taken a gin cocktail, a brandy punch, a whisky toddy, an apple toddy, two glasses of champaigne, and in fact enumerated every drink in the bar-keeper's vocabulary.

'Sir,' said Tom, in the most mysterious manner, 'do you believe in the transmigration of souls?'

Bill replied that he did in a measure.'

'Then,' rejoined Tom, with prophetic fury, 'darnd if I should be surprised if you should wake up one of these days and find yourself a *grog-shop!*'—[N. Y. Atlas.

'My dear sir,' said a gentleman to a hard drinker, 'do stop toping so, or you will wear out the coats of your stomach.' 'Then let the stomach work in its shirt sleeves!' was the reply.

In a buxom country lass, whose ripe cherry lips, laughing eyes and rosy cheeks look more tempting than the red gold of Ophir, and whose clear laugh rings out like a merry marriage bell, we see nature. In the city belle, whose dry and fevered lips, languid, listless eyes, nervous tremor, and pale and sallow cheeks make one 'think of death, of epitaphs and tombs,' we behold art.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pa. Av. facing *Centre Market*, formerly occupied by *John Lloyd*, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience, and comfortable apartments little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23,1840.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A. M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

Terms of Subscription—$3 per annum, $2 if paid in advance $1,25 in advance for six months.

Of Advertising.—$1 per square for each inserion. No yearly advertising admitted. These terms have been adopted both because the number of subscribers are so much larger than all the daily papers united, as to make them actually cheaper, and because a repetition of old advertisments affords no interest to the readers.

Papers discontinued only at the option of the publishers, while arrearages are due.

Small notes are received in payment of our bills.

Any person forwarding $10 will be entitled to six copies.

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Agents for this paper are earnestly requested to make quick remittances, without which it is impossible to keep accounts even

When a single paper is ordered by an agent, and postage accrues, if is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

MICHAEL McDERMOT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn avenue, between Third and Four-and-a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He does by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.

Repairing done as usual.

MRS. HALL'S
BOARDING HOUSE,
Pennsylvania Avenue,
NEARLY OPP. BRO N'S HOTEL
WASHINGTON.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted staid or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldridge's Balm of Columbia.*

Remember the genuine as described below.

This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consuls Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have hokly the name of L.COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

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Wholesale Druggists, New York

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Manufactured by James Jack.

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Do grain, Calf and Kip welted, do.
Do coarse thick do.
Do Brogans and Monroe do.
Do pumps and Calf . . shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal, and Morocco walking do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap. Apply as above.

JAMES H BIRCH.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Hand jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating and drinking way. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

JOHN PURDON.

CHARLES CAHAN

'Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and strangers, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in general for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

DEPOT HOUSE."

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line to Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office opposite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes. by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skilful and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

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These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same diagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregular action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system; they may all be detected by pressure upon the sides of the vertebræ and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-Galvanic symptom, and they may be cured by these Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principels of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter, either in a negative or positive state of electro, and that every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of this universal principle. The morbid action which produces disease of the organs or limbs, seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this means the very seeds of the disease are eradicated, and a permanent cure effected, even in cases where all hope of relief from other sources is abandoned. The Electro Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disappoint the confidence reposed in them. The symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work which accompanies them, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success in all climates or with dieting or inveniences.

GERMAN HOTEL,

By

CHARLES ROSENTHRAL. south

The proprietor has removed to the and side of Penn. Avenue, between 12th by 13th sts. to the House lately occupied ra CC OLTMAN, where he will be happy S certain his old customers and strang—

THE GENUINE VEGEABLE PILL

etAn effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleets. yrictures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies oet discovered for the cure of these com plaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerfu in their action, and may be taken without he knowledge of the most intimate friend These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For dale by & W Young, jr. C Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; C T and T etJardella, corner of 12th and the avenue Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, O by Linthicum

PROPOSALS

FOR

PUBLISHING BY *SUBSCRIPTION*

The Authentic Report of the Controveste Discussion, that took place in the Cita of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev HOMAS MAGUIRE, and th Rev R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remah able controversal discussion of moder times, having gone through twenty-one cd tions in England and Ireland, where it i still read with extraordinary vidity, an in the United States passed through thre editions, all of which are exhusted to th last copy; and the demand for it from a quarters, Catholic and Protestant, bein still very great, it is proposed to re-publis it in Weekly Numbers at such a price a to put it within the reach of all withou epursing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wis he work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have i tregularly mailed to them, by remit ing one dollar in a post-paid letter.

Agents:—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 An St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, . Willing Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon Utica, N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod Georgetown, D. C.;—tr. Peti Haynes Savannah, Geo.—and the office of the U. S Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this grea controversy has converted more sectaries tc the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and ha also been the happy means of bringing grea numbers to the true faith in the United States It is t herefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will and his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the —vmostalue.

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor toinform the Public in general, and his friends in particular; that has just opened a Groc- ery Store in that noted building on Penu Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, former occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store and latterly by the office of the Native rmerican where he will be happy to ac commodte all who may favor him with Ahecustom, with every article in the Gro-

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhoa, Gleets, Strict tures, Diabets or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the breiha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hun dred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this com pound, or who will prove that it contains tany mineral substance whatever.

er-For sale in Washington city by Rob Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, nd by J. & W. Young jr.

Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

NOTICE.

As there will be but one boat on the route on unday, the PHENIX will make hve trips on hat day between Washington and Alexanderia.

Leaving Alexandria at 3 and 10 A. M. and 1, 3, and 5 o'clock P. M.

Leaving Washington at 9 and 11 A. M. and twt 4, and 6 o'clock P. M:

JAMES; GUY, Jr; Captain;

NEW GUIDE *TO* WASHINGTON.

pb G. Watterston, Esq—The above work is jsan Wblished, with a frontispiece of the Statue hiashington by Greenough, and contains eve of ts ng relating to the history of washington, aou les progress and improvements since its origiryj hse citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guind hi all its object of curiosity, and to every thide or e that a stranger would be desirous to mng tntmself acquainted with, while a sojourner in ts toa resident abroad. It gives a true picture it wbshington, though not a mere picture book—hai sst institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but olits sfactorily described. It sketches its usages oustoms, manners, and religious and moral tone, of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the conditici of the legal and medical professions—its growta and character of its resident population—gives ah abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the com mittees of Congress, and a great variety of usefullocal; and general information which a resident a. well as a stranger would be pleased to possess Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at con siderable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other, of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book- store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania, avenue.

p Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory

AND

UPHOLSTERER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pansylvania Avenue, equidistant from the rail- oad depot and Capitol gate will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat, Sofas, Low Bedsteads

Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)

Centre, side, colums, pier, dressing, so fa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables

Wardrobes, Bedsteads

Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs

Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of whic are of the best workmanship, and lsnole sold as reasonable as at any other establish sbwein Washington.

jumt wishing tow exchange their old furnit

CONFECTIONARY

THE SUBSCRIBER having remove o m 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, beow the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the ionor to inform his friends and the Pub lic in General, that he is prepared so furnish at the shortest notice every variet frbarticle in his line; Cakes of every de re ption, Candies in every variety, Frui Nuts, &c. H. BARNS

FRESH

GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sae, Wholesale and Retai, at

J. F. CALLAN'S,

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,

WASHINGTON CITY:

A mong which may be found the foowin8 Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broce i, Coards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Gass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch atatuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excelle for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silve Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spnage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roo s Dahlias, &c. &c.

t-hese seeds are put up in small add onvenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. he Roots, (particularly he Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful de- scriptio n, comprise a the new varieties Odeandbe sold at the New York prices.

**rders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part othe, United States.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

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CHARLES CAHAN

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